

Brookville American.

VOL. 1.

BROOKVILLE, INDIANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1858.

NO. 39.

Brookville American.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

W. H. FOSTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One dollar and fifty cents per year, payable in advance, two dollars at the end of six months, or three dollars on the expiration of the year.

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If I had stopped to think I should have panicked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons a hurry. Smith! I went the millinery in in every direction. I had to dress in the dark, for there was a creek in the door, and the girls will peep—and the way I tumbled about, was death on straw-hats. The critical moment came I opened the door, and found myself right among the women.

"Oh, my Leghorn!" cries one. "My dear, darling winter velvet!" cries another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal—her name was—put her arms around my neck, and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Caesar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack, said she, 'we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I will.' I did it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doveing after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider, when we were away from each other. 'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant head-land—the buff robes were commencing their evening songs—the pulpy wogs and catwalkers, in their native mud-puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated back-log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the million stalks, and came heavy laden with the delicious odor of hen-roosts and pig-sties. The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glanced from the buttons of a solitary horseman shone through a knot-hole in the pig-pen full in Sal's face, dyeing her hair an orange-peel hue, and showing off my threadbare coat to a bad advantage—one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was looking at me with a look that said 'I was almost gone, and she looked like a grass-hopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud-turtle choked with cold-fish balls.

"Sal, said I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, 'will you have me?' She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate, said 'Yes!'

She gave clear out, then, and squatted in my arms, her cool forehead, and I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions stay out two weeks before.

Well to make a long story short, she sat her day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovy ducks. The night, the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when she, who was wearing on the oil cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some one's skeleton had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and it floored me. I split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dresscoat tail. It was too late to look out, so clapping my hand over it, we marched in and were kissing, and taking a seat I watched the smiling bride operation. My groomsmen was tight, and he kissed me till I jumped up to take a slice when, oh! horror! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my shirt through the hole in my pants, had plunged it to the chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude a trifling more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, there all my troubles ended. Good night.

GOVERNMENT THE HOOP.—The West Point (Ga.) Citizen tells the following of a married man at the commencement exercises of a certain college in Georgia this summer:

He started up the stairway at a swift pace, not noticing any further until he came nearly to the top of the steps, when he saw a strange sensation came over him, and suddenly he found himself enveloped in darkness, as though the lights had been extinguished. He was astonished and bewildered. But the mystery was soon explained, and it appeared that a lady, wearing a very large hoop, had met him at the top of the stairs, and was just in the act of descending, when our friend, being a small man, had, without noticing, actually gone up under the hoop!

A GOOD WORD FOR CRINOLINE.—The Philadelphia Bulletin points out the following advantages resulting from the use of crinoline: "Ladies woman from a needless weight of skirts, it strengthens the system by exposure to cold and aids manufactures, stimulates the whole fishery, improves figures, displays ankles to a delicious extent in gaiting up stairs and gives editors subjects for articles. All things considered, we see no great reason to grieve over the institution. It is not every fashion which develops so much or such varied industry as crinoline."

The last excuse for crinoline is that the 'weaker vessels' need much hooping.

Free Trade Exemplified.—The September number of Hunt's Merchants Magazine contains some very interesting statistics in regard to the commerce of Great Britain. It seems that England imports annually, to feed her population, grain and produce to the amount of over \$120,000,000. Of this food a large proportion is exported in the shape of cloth, the export of which in 1857 reached near 2,000,000,000 yards, valued at about \$140,000,000. The principal markets to which these goods were sent are as follows:

To Turkey,	123,000,000
Syria and Palestine,	39,000,000
Egypt,	55,000,000
United States,	177,000,000
Foreign West Indies,	72,000,000
Brazil,	183,000,000
Buenos Ayres,	32,000,000
Chile,	88,000,000
Peru,	34,000,000
China and Hong Kong,	121,000,000
Java,	30,000,000
Gibraltar,	19,000,000
British North America,	35,000,000
British West Indies,	44,000,000
British East Indies,	469,000,000
Australia,	80,000,000
Hanse Towns,	50,000,000
Holland,	30,000,000
Portugal, Azores, &c.,	47,000,000

First on the list stands the East Indies, then Brazil, then the United States, then Turkey, and then China. The United States seems to be in rather odd company—two of those nations being Pagan, and half civilized, one Mohammedan, and fast sinking into decay, and the other not much advanced beyond either of the others. England has persuaded them, however, as well as ourselves, of the admirable working of free trade; and so we find ourselves Brazil on the list. We may hope to rival Brazil but can hardly expect to come up to the East Indies, which are entirely under English control. If we add to this one hundred and forty millions of dollars, the value of cotton yarns exported, which are not included, and also the amount of cotton cloth consumed in Great Britain, we shall find the sum sufficient to pay the one hundred and twenty millions of dollars imported for food, and a very large part of the raw cotton imported; or, in other words, the manufacturers of cotton alone, after paying for raw cotton, pays also for nearly the whole of the grain and produce imported for the benefit of that and all other branches of an agriculture. This shows how manufacturing nations grow rich at the expense of the producing ones.

Here we see how England, after coming out of the Crimean war, which would have exhausted the resources of half the civilized world, was even stronger than when she went into it, and immediately engaged in another war with about half the human race, calling for nearly a hundred thousand men, to be supported thousands of miles from home. No nation was in possession of such enormous wealth as is requisite for such enterprises as these, which England carries on with-out feeling the burden, while we are borrowing money in time of profound peace to defray the current expenses of our government. Such is the difference between nations which send off their produce to a foreign and far distant market, and those that buy that produce to feed their operatives, and pay for it in manufactured goods.

England has been guilty of Asiatic lessons in free trade, she finds the producer rather more secure, to be sure, than was found necessary with the United States, Brazil, and Turkey. In the case of the last three respectable communities she was obliged to proceed *et cetera*, but found it not difficult to effect her purpose by diplomatic and large subscriptions of money to circulate free trade documents and operate with, as was the case especially in the United States, just before the passage of the tariff of 1846. Hindoes and Chinamen receive a different sort of argument, or what may be called 'argumentum ad hominem.' Gradually she stretches out her wily arms to assist the trader of her fleet and army, and the persuasive voice of her moral suasion, in annexing the whole world to the great manufacturing centre.

In foresight, and profound wisdom England is yet a generous benefactor of all other nations, and hence her immense wealth and power, before which France and all Europe stand in awe.

With all our invention, genius, mental and bodily activity, we need to take some lessons of that wonderful people, from whose ancestors we also descended. What we need is to theorize less and consult experience more, and in our universal benevolence, to remember that charity, first begins at home and look after our own interests, and then after those of our neighbors. If a reduction of our tariff was necessary in order to induce England to take our cotton, that would furnish some excuse for us, though a very poor one, because if she was not obliged to take it, as is the fact, still our true policy would be to work it up ourselves, and export it not in its crude state, but in the compact form of manufactured goods. All nations that export produce to a foreign land, and distant markets must remain poor. It would be far better for us if we were importers of grain, like France and England, and exporters of it in the form of mechanical labor, than to send our produce five thousand miles, to be returned in the shape of foreign mechanical labor.

Does the razor take hold well? Inquired a dorky, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. 'Yes,' replied the barber, 'it takes hold first rate, but the darned thing won't let go worth a cent.'

A Sabine Marriage.—In the parish of Calcasieu, near New Orleans, a few days ago, a desperado named De Bleu was killed under rather extraordinary circumstances. It appears that from early manhood Le Bleu had been in the habit of setting the laws at defiance whenever they conflicted with his own passions or desires, and often did so out of pure wantonness, or to gratify the devilish spirit which must have been strong within him. Some time ago he murdered two lawyers in the streets of Lake Charles; and on one occasion he compelled one of his negroes to seat himself by the side of the district judge while the Court was in session; in fact his deeds of violence, and his utter recklessness and lawlessness, made him a terror to the whole parish, and he, no doubt, had come to think that the laws were powerless against him, and that he could commit any crime with impunity.

As the story goes Le Bleu took a fancy to the wife of a man named Fox, living in the parish, and proceeded in the most direct and summary manner to gratify his passion by getting up a sort of Sabine wedding. He visited her house in the husband's absence, produced a pistol, and informed madam that his horse would carry double, and that she must forthwith get up behind him. Whether she complied willingly or not is a question, but she certainly was with him, and they lived together up to the time of his death. During the recent term of the district court in Lake Charles, a tragedy of some description was confidently expected. Le Bleu had threatened the judge and several other persons, and in consequence they and their friends prepared themselves for a desperate encounter; the court-room and the hotel, it is said, presented something of the appearance of a badly arranged arsenal.

One morning, bright and early, Le Bleu rode his mule into town, dismounted and proceeded to the hotel, with a long dragon pistol in each hand, and a belt about his waist containing a revolver and a knife. He was evidently not on watch, and before he could get foot on the porch he was saluted by a charge of buckshot from a gun in the hands of Mr. Fox, whose wife he had stolen. Three or four more shots fired by other persons, and Le Bleu fell dead, with more than fifty buckshot in different parts of his body. Fox and two others were arrested; the persons who did the shooting.

First Court in Ohio.—The first Civil Court ever held in the North west was that of the Court of Common Pleas of Washington county, Marietta, Sept. 23, 1788, by Rufus Putnam and Benjamin Tupper, presiding justices. This court was opened with pomp. A procession was formed, the Sheriff with a drawn sword, in advance, followed by the citizens, officers of the garrison at Ft. Harmar, the members of the bar, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Governor and a clergyman. With the judges of the Common Pleas, in the order in which they are named. Arriving at the hall of Common Pleas, the whole of the procession was conducted into it, and the judges, Putnam and Tupper took their seats upon the bench; the audience was seated, and after a divine benediction, was invoked by the Rev. Dr. Cutler, the High Sheriff, Ebenezer Sprout, advanced to the door and pronounced aloud O yes, O yes! a court is opened for the administration of even hand of justice to the poor and the rich, to the guilty and innocent, with out respect of persons; none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and in pursuance of the laws and evidence in it, and the judges, Putnam and Tupper, presiding.

Besides the citizens of Marietta and settlers, there were present at the opening of the court, a number of Indians, who held their encampment in the vicinity for the purpose of entering into a treaty with the Federal Government. It must be admitted that Sheriff Sprout was more intelligent and happy in his style of opening the first court, than one of his successors in the who, when ordered by the Court, that Mr. Sheriff open court, proclaimed, 'O yes, O yes! Court am on,' and when afterwards directed to adjourn, the court cried out to the bystanders, 'O yes, O yes, court am shut.'

Noah's Ark and the Leviathan.—For the information of our readers we have calculated the builders' tonnage of the Ark and the Leviathan, and this is the only way in which their relative sizes can be ascertained. To find the length for tonnage we have taken three-fifths of the extreme breadth from the length between the perpendiculars (mean length), the exact breadth being discoverable. The contractors of the Leviathan appear to have made a further deduction—perhaps two and a half inches per foot—in the height of the counter; but as this deduction is not commonly made in the merchant service, we have not troubled ourselves about the height of the wing transom in the antediluvian monster, and have made but one deduction in both cases. It will be soon that we are able in taking 21,888 inches as the length of a full grown Leviathan, the largest ship of which the world has any record.

ARK, LEVIATHAN.	Feet.	Feet.
Length between the perpendiculars	547.2	689.0
" for tonnage	492.48	630.2
Breadth extreme	91.2	93.0
" for tonnage	84.75	88.0
Total height	54.75	58.0
Builders' tonnage	21,783	23,002

A Dutchman thinks 'honesty' is the best policy but keeps a man in a poor.

Lola Montez's Lecture—Her Opinion of the Clergy.—The lecture of Lola Montez last evening, in aid of Rev. Ralph Hoyt's Chapel of the Good Shepherd, was numerously attended, in spite of the rainy weather and the reported interdiction of a portion of the clergy. Hope Chapel was filled with a respectable audience, a third of whom may have been ladies. Not a few of the ministers of the Episcopal Church were present, including Rev. Drs. Higbee and Taylor, while Judge Edmonds, Hiram Barney, E. A. Daykin, and other eminent representatives of law and literature, appeared for the laity. Lola was evidently gratified with her hearers, and she repeated her lecture on the Church of Rome with more than usual animation. She was simply attired in black silk, a color appropriate to the sacred desk, her dress fitting close to her neck, around which was a small lace collar, and her hair was thrust with a large annular pin. Her black hair was cut short or rolled up behind, and pushed back from her face by a *la Eugene*; a style showing to good advantage the contour of her forehead. Her hoop was considerably within the approved dimensions, with quite a profusion of bustle in the rear. The lecture was a well written though trite statement of the modern Protestant philosophy as to the faults and the cause of the prevalence of the Roman Catholic Faith, which she said was not all a lie, but was founded in some universal and precious truths; otherwise it could not hold for so long a time such multitudes in subjugation.

At the close of her discourse, the lecturer paused a few moments, and with a mischievous flash of her big grey eyes, paid her respects to the clergy:—'Ladies and gentlemen, The advertisements have informed you that the proceeds of this lecture are to be given to the Rev. Ralph Hoyt, to aid him in rebuilding his free church for the poor. The papers have also apprized you that some of the clergy have used redoubts upon the worthy Rector of his willingness to receive the sum which your patronage of this lecture yields, which is certainly a piece of bigotry, intolerance, enmity to the poor, and need I beseech you, even in the most liberal catholic countries of the Old World. Who are these great men that would bar you and me from doing a good act, and would rather lock the doors of comfort and instruction on the poor than that they should be blessed by a hand which will not be moved by their dictation? [Applause.] How many churches will be built, and how many souls will be fed, by money which they will give?'

A voice—'Not one in a thousand!'

[Renewed Applause.] 'It is reserved for men to read those blind bigots a lesson, and tell them they are not Christians but Pharisees. [Applause.] They belong to the same class of hypocrites who have deceived the Saviour because he ate and drank with publicans and sinners. [Applause.] and they appear to be just as full of the hand-saw devil of intolerance as in old times. They are certainly very impatient and very bold devils, when they enter into the breasts of professing Christians in such a free and enlightened land as America. Such bigoted intolerance would be had enough in Timbuctoo or the Feejee Islands, but in America it is like a foul spot upon the bright sunshine. [Applause.] I am going to Europe in a few days, and when I come back—which I certainly will do—it may be that I will give a course of lectures to raise a fund to send missionaries to Christianize those clerical Pharisees. [laughter]—who had rather the poor and desolate should not have the gospel preached to them than that the means should be furnished by the patronage of your humble servant. I now entrust the prayers of this congregation for all such bigoted and miserable sinners.'—N. Y. Post.

Telegraphic from America.—The following humorous hits are from the London Punch.

Owing to the variation of clocks and the smartness of the citizens of the United States, it is now the middle of the next week in New York.

The language in honor of the laying of the Atlantic Cable has taken place, and we are enabled, by submarine telegraph to furnish a list of some of the (words and sentiments).

'To the United States citizens who planned, made and laid the Atlantic telegraph, and to the British capitalists who subscribed a trifle towards it.'

'To the memory of the immortal Franklin, as discovered the lightning, and to Cyrus Fields, as grasped it.'

'Christopher Columbus, whose discovery rendered possible the two great facts of the day—Shakespeare and the United States.'

'The immortal Shakespeare, raised in the Old Country, but appreciated only in the New; and who, had he lived, would certainly have been a free and enlightened American citizen.'

'Success to the Almighty dollar, and its kindred rights of free expectation, annexation and whipping your own nigger.'

'Hail to the American Eagle! May he pose himself upon the head of the Atlantic, with a wing upon England and Columbia, and his tail and back pointing to States of the Union that are yet to be.'

'Success to the British Lion, as long as he remains couched; but if ever he becomes rampant, may he be scourged by the star-spangled banner until he puts his tail between his legs and howls with anguish.'

The City of New York is rebuilding the Quarantine buildings.

Dawning of a Great Future.—The Amoor river has been agreed upon as a boundary line between Russia and Asia. Through the correspondence of Mr. Collins, the Commercial Agent of our Government, presented to the last session of Congress, the attention of this part of the world has recently been directed to this river, and to the country it drains, as one of eventually immense resources and trade.

Chetah, at the head of its navigation is 2,667 miles from the ocean, and navigable for steamers, and free from ice six months in the year. Boats can, also, by the chief southern tributary of the Amoor, penetrate to within a few hundred miles of Pekin; and was it connected by railroad, it would be within ten days of the sea, or twenty-five to San Francisco. The immense trade concentrating at Novogorod, Moscow and St. Petersburg, might be equally accessible.

A line of rail can be connected with the Amoor, and thus open the very heart of Siberia to Pacific commerce. A railroad of a few hundred miles will connect the two systems of waters, and give a continuous line between the Pacific and the icy ocean. This would advance the commerce of those commodities a thousand fold in ten years, and realize more to civilization than the discovery of the north-west passage to India. The yield of precious metals in Siberia is \$15,000,000 per annum.

An overland mail stage line is just completed from St. Louis through to San Francisco, and soon a telegraphic wire will be stretched along the line. Not many years will elapse before a line of communication will be opened to the Pacific, by the way of this city, thence to the Red River of the North, and thence across the Rocky Mountains to Van Gouven's Island. And not many more years will elapse before the Mississippi Valley will be connected with the Pacific by a railway.

France, England, Russia, and the United States, are opening new relations with China. Russia is connecting it with St. Petersburg by a line of telegraph.

A dozen years ago the Mississippi was considered the extreme verge of the West. This was soon dispelled, and Oregon and California were substituted as the place of sundown. But now a new field is looming up in the distance. Russia, Asia, and China will soon be points out West, where Yankee emigrants will start for.

The most sanguine cannot begin to draw the picture of what will be reality twenty-five years hence. A great future is dawning upon us!

Idle Curiosity Cured.—On Franklin's first trip to see his father in Boston, he was worried almost to death by the abominable inquisitiveness of the New England tavern keepers. Neither manner least could he escape them in comfort. No matter how wet or weary, how hungry the poor traveler might be, he was not to expect an atom of refreshment from the silly publicans until their most pestiferous curiosity was first gratified. And then Job himself could not stand such questions as they would goad him with; such as, where he came from, and where he might be going, and what religion he might be of, and if he was a married man, and so on. After having been prodigiously vexed in this way for several days, until at last the bare sight of a public house almost threw him into anguish, he determined to try the following remedy at the very next tavern. Soon as he alighted from his horse, he desired the tavern keeper to collect his whole family, wife, children and servants, every soul of them, for he had something very important to communicate. All being assembled, and wondering what he had to say, he thus addressed them:

'My name is Benjamin Franklin. I am a printer by trade. I live, when at home, in Philadelphia. In Boston I have a father, a good old man, who taught me; when I was a boy, to read my book and say my prayers. I have ever since thought it my duty to visit and pay my respects to such a father, and I am on that errand to Boston now. This is all that I can at present recollect of myself that I think worth telling you; that you can think of anything else that you wish to know about me, I beg you to omit with it at once that I may answer, and so give you an opportunity to get me something to eat, for I long to be on my journey, that I may return as soon as possible to my family and business, where I most of all desire to be.' Forty thousand sermons against idle curiosity could hardly have driven it so effectually out of New England as did this little squib of ridicule.

NEW BANKS IN IOWA.—The Governor of Iowa has issued his proclamation declaring that under the 'Act to incorporate the State Bank of Iowa,' approved March 20, 1858, the following branches have been duly organized and are 'lawfully entitled to commence the business of Banking under said Act':

The Branch of the State Bank of Iowa City.

The Mascoutine Branch of the State Bank of Iowa at Mascoutine.

The Branch of the State Bank of Iowa at Des Moines.

The Dubuque Branch of the State Bank at Dubuque.

The Oskaloosa Branch of the State Bank of Iowa at Oskaloosa.

The Mount Pleasant Branch of the State Bank of Iowa at Mount Pleasant.

The Keokuk Branch of the State Bank